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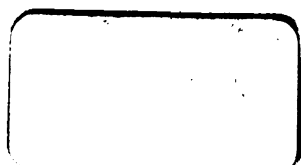
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INTERLUDES

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INTERLUDES

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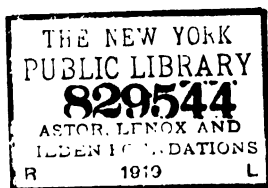
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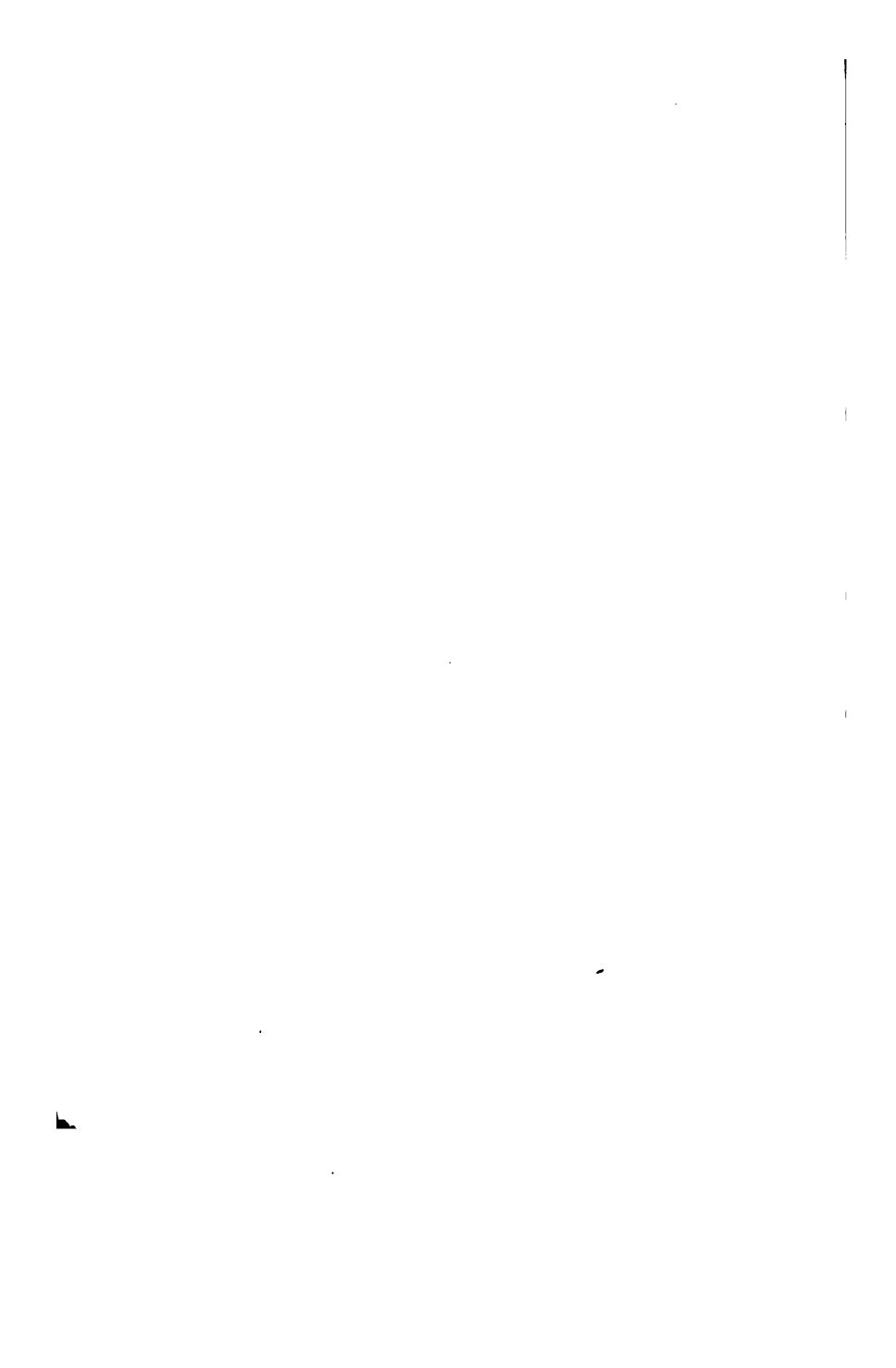
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I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE BOOK
TO
MY MOTHER AND FATHER



CONTENTS

INTERLUDES

A SONG FOR THE MAKERS OF SONGS.....	12
QUESTANT	13
SHADOW	13
UNCONQUERED	15
BROTHERS	16
REUBEN ROY	18
I AM A LOVER OF CITIES.....	20
DRIFTWOOD	21
THE TREAD OF PAN.....	22
MY CHILDREN	23
THEN AND NOW.....	25
GLAMOUR	26
THE JESTER	29
ECHOES	30
HELEN, NOT OF TROY.....	31
WILL-O'-THE-WISP	32
THE SCHOOLMASTER	33
WANDER SONG	35
A PORTRAIT	36
NOCTURNE	37
AT DUSK OF DAY.....	38

CONTENTS—*Continued*

LIFE	39
WISDOM	40
THE MADMEN	41
A RHYME OF THE RED ROMANCE.....	42
APOSTASY	44
LIMBO	45
TO YOU WHOM I DARED NOT SEE.....	46
WAYFARERS	47
I HAVE MADE TWO SONGS FOR YOU.....	48
MAURYA	49
QUANDARY	51
CAOINE	52
JILL, DO YOU REMEMBER?.....	53
PERADVENTURE	54
VILLON	55
GOD IS SINGING	56
THERE ARE TWO LADIES IN OUR LITTLE TOWN.....	57
THE PRAYER OF ISEULT OF THE WHITE HANDS.....	58
A LITTLE TOWN.....	59
SOUNDS	60
GOD	61
A VAGRANT'S RHYME	62
RUE	63

CONTENTS—*Continued*

GOSSIP	64
HAUNTS	65
UNDER THE SEA.....	66
INTERVAL	67
RAGNAROK	
WAR	71
A PRAYER	72
THERE ARE NO BOYS IN COLLEGE NOW.....	73
AS OF YORE.....	74
SOULS	75
WHO WILL BUY OUR DREAMS.....	76
EXORDIUM	77
THE SACRIFICE	78
MASTER FRANÇOIS, CLERK OF PARIS, SINGS FROM	
THE GRAVE	79
THE SILENT SINGERS.....	80
JOAN OF ARC WAS THERE.....	81
ROBIN HOOD	82
"VIVE LA FRANCE!".....	83
"BOOT, SADDLE, TO HORSE, AND AWAY!"	84
IN A HOSPITAL	85
CUL-DE-SAC	86
A LITTLE SONG	87

A SONG FOR THE MAKERS OF SONG

*Song is not bread,
Song is not wine
Tables are spread—
Let us dine!*

*Lanterns are windows,
Candles are stars, . . .
Poets make tales
Out of stars.*

*Elves' eyes are lanterns,
Elves have ears, . . .
Some poets dream
In their ears.*

*Song grinds the mill,
Song reaps the wheat—
Life pays the bill—
Let us eat!*

QUESTANT

IS there a dream
In all the earth,
Be it wistful
Or full of mirth,

- That I can take
And weave in a song
To sing to you
Your whole life long

IS there a dream
That lies on
Be it wistful
Or full of mirth

IS there a dream
That lies on
Be it wistful
Or full of mirth

IS there a dream
That lies on
Be it wistful
Or full of mirth

A SONG FOR THE MAKERS OF SONG

*Song is our bread,
Song is our wine;
Tables are spread—
Let us dine!*

*Lanterns are moons,
Candles are stars. . . .
Poets make tunes
Out of scars.*

*Elves' eyes are brown,
Roses have ears. . . .
Some poets drown
In their tears.*

*Song grinds the mill,
Song reaps the wheat;
Life pays the bill—
Let us eat!*

QUESTANT

IS there a dream
In all the earth,
Be it wistful
Or full of mirth,

That I can take
And weave in a song
To sing to you
Your whole life long?

Is there a dream
Under the sun,
Be it sorrowful
Or full of fun,

From which I can make
A song for you,
A song all shimmering
Through and through

Like a very jewel
Or the moon's beams . . . ? . . .
Tell me, lady,
Are there such dreams?

SHADOW

IT comes at night,
When the moon is bright
And the stars spray Earth
With a silver mist;

It comes from the hills,
Whose purling rills
Call youth from toil
To a dreamland tryst;

It comes from the wood
Where the elf-elm stood,
And the elves once played
So long ago;

It comes on the breeze
Of distant seas,
The breasts of which
No sailors know;

It comes at dawn,
When night has gone
Like a vulture-hawk
Upon the wing;

It glows and gleams
Through all men's dreams:
The song no words
Have learned to sing.

UNCONQUERED
(Electricity speaks:)

I move your mills and your trains,
I talk to your friends and foes—
Up hill, down dale, in calm and gale,
Wherever your pleasure goes!

I steer your ships in the night,
I manage your belching guns,
I flash your words, I forge your swords
As fast as your craving runs!

But when you call me a slave,
Remember my daily toll! . . .
My brawn your chain, but not my brain,
Nor the secret of my soul!

BROTHERS

MY brother wandered far and wide
To find the rainbow's end,
While I stayed home till father died
To run the farm and half-pretend
I loved the work—the long, hot days
In meadow, field and dyke,
The winter months before the blaze,
Debarred from everything I like.

And after father died I stayed,
Because a farm, I'm sure,
Is pleasanter than any trade,
In spite of all one must endure.
Our farm, through diligence, has paid,
And I am satisfied;
Sometime my brother's dreams will fade
And show him how a rainbow lied.

He lives a year in old Cathay,
A year in Greece or France.
I read his letters day by day
And in the cornfield weave romance,
Lest I should be a loutish thing
When he comes home again
To tell me stories and to bring
A whiff from lands beyond my ken.

I know today what I shall do:
Hitch up the buckboard team
And meet the train at half-past two
That stops an hour to get up steam.
My brother, in his careless way,
Will pile his bags on me,
Then clamber to my side and say:
"You haven't changed—as I can see."

While he is hunting I shall work,
But when the nighttime falls,
He'll spin me tales of Kurd and Turk,
Of French chateaux and Chinese walls.
And I shall smile and listen well
And ask him so-and-so . . .
Oh, I shall never have to tell,
And he will never have to know.

REUBEN ROY

A LITTLE fellow, brown with wind—
I saw him in the street
Peering at numbers on the posts,
But most discreet,

For when a woman came outdoors,—
Or slyly peeped instead,—
He'd turn away, take off his hat
And scratch his head.

I watched him from my garden-wall
Perhaps an hour or more,
For something in his attitude,
The clothes he wore,

Awoke the dimmest memories
Of when I was a boy
And knew the story of a man
Named Reuben Roy.

It seems that Reuben went to sea
The night his wife decried
The fence he built before their house
And on the side.

He wanted it but she did not,
Because it hid from view
The spot in which her mignonette
And tulips grew.

Nobody saw his face again,
But each year, unawares,
He sent a sum for taxes due—
And fence repairs.

My curiosity aroused,
I sauntered forth to see
Whether this individual
Were really he.

"Who are you looking for?" I asked.
His eyes, like two bright pence
Sparkled at mine, and then he said:
"A fence."

"Somebody burned it Halloween,
When people were in bed;
Before the judge could prosecute
The culprit fled."

Well, Reuben only touched his hat
And mumbled, "Thank you, sir,"
And asked me whereabouts to find
A carpenter.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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I AM A LOVER OF CITIES

I AM a lover of cities,
Streets that are paved and electric lights,
Whir of wheels and the myriad ditties
Flung through the murk of throbbing nights.

You who would brag of the meadows,
Songs of birds and the soft, cool dew,
Walk with me at the hour of shadows
Down a rain-gilt avenue!

I am a lover of places
Brimming and panting with life and love . . .
Trade one block for a mountain's graces?
No! Nor its lamps for the stars above!

DRIFTWOOD

I AM a piece of Driftwood.
Mike Slanner, the village scavenger,
Found me on the shore of Crooked Brook
And nailed me into the floor of his hut.
Bums,
Thieves,
Rats and cockroaches
Walk over me . . . and yet . . .

Once, very long ago,
I was an apple tree in France—Domrémy.
A little girl
With wooden shoes and dreams
Used to lean against me
And look into the sky.
I had dreams, too. . . .

I am a piece of driftwood
In Mike Slanner's hut on Crooked Brook.

THE TREAD OF PAN

IF you find a daffodil
Bobbing in the sun,
If you see a silver rill
Faster, faster run,

If you hear sweet echoing
At the break o'day,
You will know Pan's frolicking
Not so far away!

MY CHILDREN

Maurya

THE stars—did you ever see stars
Not white,
Nor blue,
But both?
And violets that dared to grow
Beside a grizzled stone
In a wood?

Rupert

I had a sword
Long, long ago when I was a boy—
A rapier.
The ebony hilt was cracked. . . .
“Open, in the name—”—Crash!
Screams, firelight,
White arms, candles. . . .

Sheila

Twenty-four dreams.
Twelve for daylight in Spring;
Twelve for nighttime in December.
Dreams, dreams,
Tender little things

Like pansies
And babies' ears
And the catch in your throat—
When some one says,
"Jeanne d'Arc."

Charles

"Yes, Madam, to the sea.
His new sedan—this morning.
Yes, Madam, to the sea."
Cliff and wind and sun,
Sun and cliff and wind,
Wind and sun and cliff.
"Yes, Madam, to the sea."

THEN AND NOW

I NEVER knew how strong life was
Till love passed by my gate;
I never knew the wrong life does
Till love walked in—too late.

GLAMOUR

A RED sun tortured the tawdry crowd
Surging along the street;
A flower-vender babbled loud
Of things she misnamed sweet;

Dogs were fighting away in the dirt
Because of a measly feast;
A woman neared our table to flirt . . .
And Rawley murmured, "The East!"

Rawley had been at the mine a week.
A Mundy novel or two
Had brought him out on the jump to seek
Adventure. They sometimes do.

He downed his glass at a gulp and cried,
"Isn't it great and wild!
It makes me feel like a god untried!"
Kavanaugh only smiled.

"Certainly, Rawley, my lad," said he,
"It's all very nice to you.
The color and blaze, I must agree,
Are great—so long as they're new.

"I've got a story I want to tell—
If most of you chaps don't care?"
And then he paused till a languid bell
Had summoned the town to prayer. . . .

"Father was stationed at Singapore,
And there I opened my eyes
And closed my ears to the hellish roar
And the far-famed Chinese lies.

"When I was fifteen, mother died,
And relatives thought it best
To ship me out—though I cursed and cried—
For schooling and all the rest.

"You see, I fell for the peaceful ways
I learned in my father's home:
Snoozing away the dreamy days
And using the nights to roam.

"Winter it was when I reached the States,
Christmas and—you boys know.
Think of the novelty: skis and skates
And the earth all glinting snow!

"I lived in a quaint New England manse—
Little and white and clean—
That seemed a palace of grand romance,
With everything,—sure! a queen;

"Oh, she was a kid with hair like gold
And eyes just built for fun!
We studied at night, when all was cold,
And played each day in the sun.

"The months flew on in a careless way
Until the roses came;
Then the queen grew weary . . . and went away . . .
And things weren't quite the same. . . .

"Rawley, my lad, so this is romance?
Well, maybe it is for you;
For me, it's an ivy-covered manse,
And meadows wet with dew.

"Mystery here, and the glamour-land?
People differ, you know;
I'd trade the riches of Samarkand
For stars on a field of snow!"

Kavanaugh stopped; it was still as death,
For most of us knew the goods;
Then Rawley started, under his breath,
"—The hush of the Mahim woods.—"

THE JESTER

MY friends, kind friends, withhold your blame
Until my dust blows down the wind,
Nor praise me, lest I blush with shame,
Until I play the last, grim game
And leave my dreams behind.

My friends, dear friends, reserve your tears,—
No thing of worth can grow from chaff,—
But when the least among you hears
The sob and sigh of dying years,
Remember me, and laugh.

CAOINE

SPRING again, and the green things growing,
Birds in song and the roses blown;
Spring again, but it's I am knowing
Spring is dead when a dream has flown.

Colleens laugh at the lads they're meeting,
All of the world is love in tune
Thrilling the air, and blithely greeting
Life and youth and another June.

Spring again, and the starlings flying
Over a land where the glad elves tread;
Spring again, but my heart is crying—
"Spring means nought when a dream is dead."

MAURYA

(For Katherine)

MAURYA came in the Springtime
A wistful bit of a thing;
Oh, Maurya came in the Springtime,
And the morn's awakening.

We found her at our doorstep,
A gift of the mystic Shee,
And so she lived from then on
With mother, father and me.

Father would toss her arms-high,
Or dandle her on his knee;
Mother would sing her to sleep nights;
And I—she was nought to me.

As strong, she grew, as a larch tree,
With eyes like a bluebird's wings,
And hair the shade of an ash-bud. I—
I told her none of these things.

One night, in the Spring, when crossing
The glen where she used to play,
I heard a laugh, all soft-like;
"Slán leat!" it seemed to say;

A PORTRAIT

A ZEPHYR from the ever-murmurous ocean
Seemed, in a spirit full of sweetest praise,
To kiss the tendrils of her hair to motion,
To hide the silver strands of after-days.

In her brown eyes, bedimmed with tears of yearning,
There shone at once a passionate, girlish gleam.
I dreamed of roses in the winter burning,
And sunbeams shimmering through a shaded
stream.

NOCTURNE

THE night-wind wailed about the eaves
And hurled against my window pane
Bits of dead branches and sodden leaves,
And wisps of rain.

A shutter raised; the night-wind found
A quiet form upon my bed. . . .
Oh, what are night and wind and sound,
When one is dead?

SOUNDS

I HEAR the selfsame sounds each day—
The screech of wheel, the clang of bell,
Whistles, and cries that fade away
Like winds among the asphodel.

But in the night, far in the night,
The strangest whispers come to me
From some vast deep, from some vast height. . . .
Suppose they were eternity!

THERE ARE TWO LADIES IN OUR
LITTLE TOWN

THERE are two ladies in our little town
Who look like Knossan ivory statuettes;
They neither smile nor speak, as up and down
The street they walk, both sombre with regret.

Miss Maurya loves the world and fears to tell,
Because she had a lover long ago;
Miss Barbara believes the world a hell—
Because she had a lover . . . strange, you know.

To lift their sorrows, we would gladly give
Our very all, and we have tried and tried.
Their souls? One died when it had learned to live;
The other did not live until it died.

WISDOM

HOP-ALONG Callahan

Hopped too far. . . .

He burned his fingers one fair night
Plucking at a star.

Bridget o'the Crossroads

Told me true:

Wherever Pan kissed mortal lips,
There a wild rose grew.

"Never sit a-dreaming

Underneath the moon,"

Said Sarah Jane, "or learn the truth
All too soon."

THE MADMEN

THEY find it—God, what you will—
In the heart of a rose,
Or a pool of mud,
Or a woman's soul.
And God,
Lest He be drawn
Through highway, field and market-place,
Whispers in the ears of the rest:
"Listen not to their talk;
Hide them away from the world;
They are mad."

UNDER THE SEA

AMONG no grasses whispering
Old songs of high desire
Shall I find death, nor yet where Spring
Riots afire,
But to a cavern, cold as snow,
Where broods my destiny,
Shall I arise some night and go—
Under the sea,
Under the sea.

Upon no cloud-hung mountain peak,
Within no tangled glen
Will husk of mine arouse to seek
Its soul again,
But in a cavern, child of night,
They will combine and be
A fearless essence, clear and white,—
Under the sea,
Under the sea.

INTERVAL

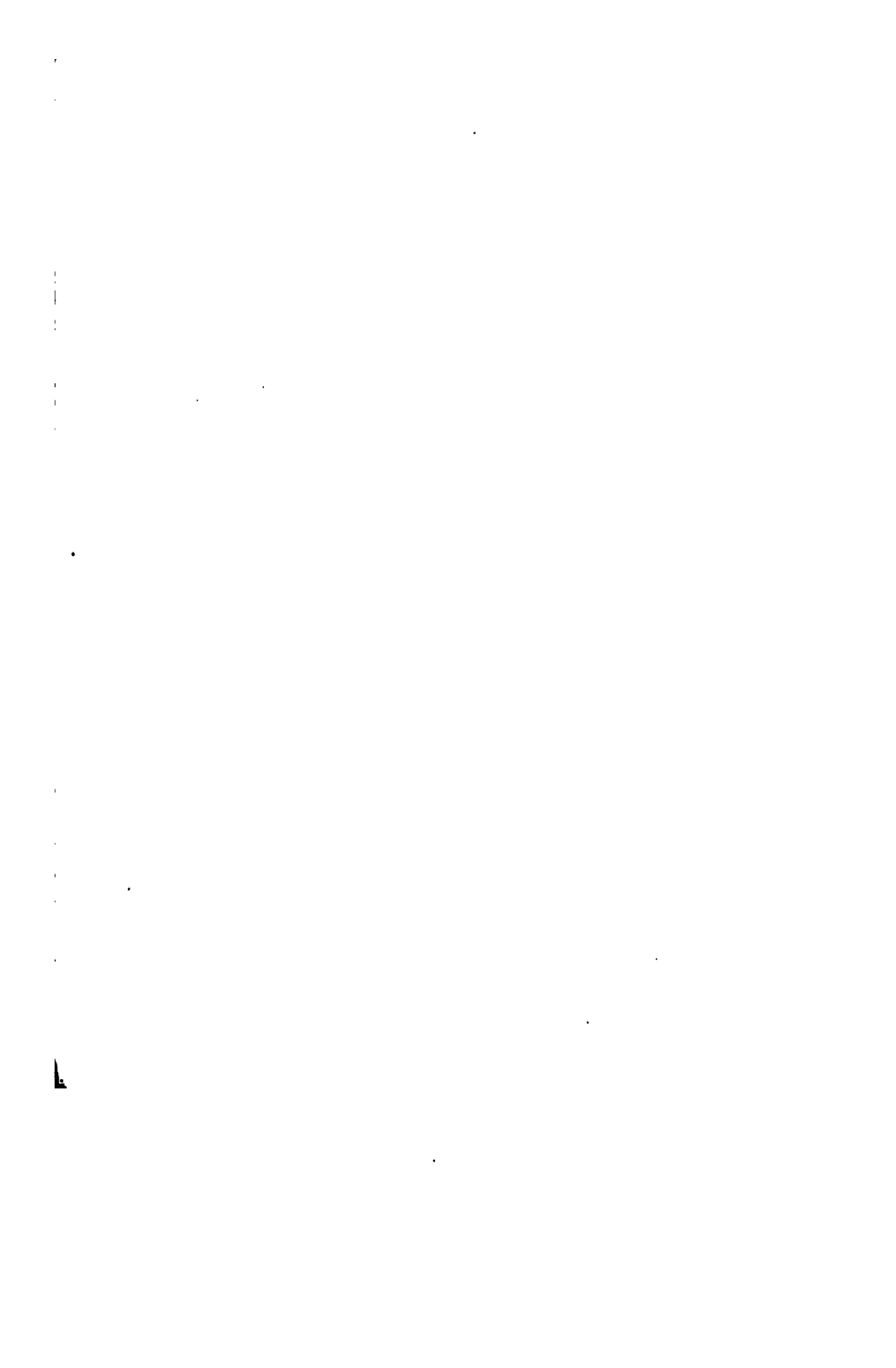
*You told me why a flower grows,
You told me how a spider spins,
You told me where the ocean flows
And where the dawn begins.*

*You told me why a skylark sings,
You told me why the night is black,
You told me that a dream has wings
To fly afar, and back.*

*You gave me eyes and mind and soul,
Then went away . . . Till you return
I creep where waves of chaos roll
And broken idols burn.*

RAGNAROK

[For Lester, Brother and Soldier]



WAR!

DROWNING the noise of cities,
Louder than ocean's roar,
Shivers the call of a nation's all:
War! War! War!

Out on the lonesome prairie,
Over the sun-baked plain,
Down in the street where the millions meet
Rumbles the brave refrain:

"We who are slow to anger,
Ready to proffer ruth,
Battle at last for our gloried past,
Honor and right and truth!

"God in his highest heaven
Knows we have prayed for light;
God will not blame, for we breathe his name
Now, as we rise to smite!"

Clearer than sound of bugle,
Straight from the nation's core,
Surges the hymn of a land grown grim:
War! War! War!

A PRAYER

THEY go with ringing laughter on their lips,
They go with iron and glory in their hearts,
They go—our hope—down to the hungry ships,
And all the fields are lonely and the marts.

We cannot know the horrors they are near,
Nor dark and evil tides their might must
stem. . . .

O days, be fair! O nights, be sweet and clear!
O hours that creep toward peace, be kind to
them!

THERE ARE NO BOYS IN COLLEGE NOW

THERE are no boys in college now, but men!

No longer do they saunter down the street,
Bound for the theatres and picture-shows,
Chaffing the girls (the pretty ones) they meet,
Singing and whistling, full of fun—and pose.

No longer do they bluff and flunk and cut,
Then ask of "unfair" deans another chance;
No longer do they think of pleasures, but
How to get ready—quick—for jobs in France.

O soft old days, never to live again,
There are no boys in college now, but men!

AS OF YORE!

AT Lexington and Concord rang the call. . . .
Away with scythes, and over ditch and wall
Rallied the Anglo-Saxon in our sires,
Rallied and plunged unthinking in the fires!

From immemorial days of wrack and flame
They knew the forfeit—and they always came!

At Gettysburg, Antietam, Mobile Bay,
Our fathers showed that Right is strong to pay;
Now in France, where Liberty's bell has pealed,
Our flag and blood and honor take the field!

Down through the ages, proud of heart and name,
They knew the forfeit—and they always came!

SOULS

I HAVE a German neighbor
Who has a son
Twelve years old.
Yesterday afternoon
He was playing in the yard.
Some other youngsters passed
And called out:
"Hey, Jimmy, you Germans are going to get licked.
How do you like being a German, Jimmy?"
Jim's cheeks flamed
And his little fists clenched.
"I ain't a German, see!" he cried,
And there were tears in his voice. . . .

And his soul?
Were tears there, too?
We and ours
Must be very careful these days
About the souls
Of youth.

WHO WILL BUY OUR DREAMS?

WHO will buy our dreams? Why see,
Here is one of Spring,
Lilacs, April bashfully
Learning how to sing!

Here is one of ice and snows,
Holly, Christmas trees;
Here is one that dawns and glows
Far on southern seas.

Name a mood you think you love;
We shall sell today
All our hearts are masters of,
Visions gold and gray.

We are surging on to France,
Where an Eagle screams:
"Fight for God! Forget romance!" . . .
Who will buy our dreams?

EXORDIUM

WE reap the harvest tears and blood have sown;
We learn the lesson misery has taught;
At last we face the Hun and not alone,
For while we slumbered France and Britain
fought.

A chantey booms wherever sea-tides break;
A glory warms the darkness as a spark . . .
America has heard the voice of Drake!
America has seen your face, Jeanne d'Arc!

THE SACRIFICE

IF you should hear earth moan, and fail to heed;
If you should turn your back on writhing pain;
If you should close your eyes when nations bleed,
You would be one with Cain!

Although you give your riches to the state,
Although you yield your body, clean and whole,
You shall receive a dim reward from fate—
You must present your soul!

MASTER FRANÇOIS, CLERK OF PARIS,
SINGS FROM THE GRAVE

FALLEN on strange ways.
I rejoiced in sombre things—
Stormy nights and howling days
And the sadness singing brings.

Born in sorry times,
I exulted with my kind
In mad deeds and madder crimes
And the evil I could find.

Fallen on strange ways.
These loves only more romantic
Through the fever of my days—
Sword and sackbut, song and France.

THE SILENT SINGERS

THOSE boys, the lyric ones who dived with death
In Belgian villages and fields of France;
Those boys who passed with songs on their last
breath
Left to the world an autographed romance.

But oh, the rest: the million silent chaps!
Their hymns of praise, their chants of finer gold,
They saved for days beyond the sound of taps,
And each anthology the seraphs hold.

JOAN OF ARC WAS THERE!

I WALKED along the boulevard,
Across each quiet square;
I saw young faces, grim and scarred,—
And Joan of Arc was there!

I sought the town of Domrémy,
And found it calm and fair,
Just as they said it used to be
When Joan of Arc was there.

I sought the north, where battles gleam,
And youth the brave and yare
Is dying for an old, old dream—
And Joan of Arc was there!

"O God of Justice, France is blessed!"
My simple, humble prayer
Broke forth like lightning in my breast,
For Joan of Arc was there!

ROBIN HOOD

ROBIN HOOD, Robin Hood, wind your horn
again,
Break the Sherwood silence, call your merrie men!

Robin, England staggers, horrible in pain;
Leave your sleepy forest, thunder down the plain,

Dim your olden glory, shame your olden skill,—
Trench can never stop you, bog, nor barren hill!

That is Vimy Ridge there, just an ugly scar,
But in every British heart glowing like a star!

Robin, Robin, Robin, summon all your men!
God and Merrie England! take the field again!

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

"So Joseph Jacques Cesaire Joffre rode into the heart of New York."—News Item.

OVER the roar and clangor,
Sharp as a soldier's lance,
Thundered the diapason:
"Vive la France!"

Women and little children,
Fervid and wonder-strung,
Work-worn men, knowing youth again,
Cheered in an alien tongue.

Broadway, the mark of sneerers,
Streets that have awed the earth,
Bathed the air in a glow of prayer—
Hope in the throes of birth.

Out of the sobs and tumult,
Crown of a world's romance,
Trembled the benediction:
"Vive la France!"

"BOOT, SADDLE, TO HORSE, AND AWAY!"

NEARLY a hundred years ago
Three bards flourished and toiled and died,
Still in the glamour youth may know,
Life a joy, but its best untried.

Nearly a hundred years ago
Three bards vanished as sunsets go,
Leaving a fame no time-god cheats—
Shelley and Byron and Keats.

Now, in the span of two short years,
Youngsters of sword as well as song
Pay romance on the far frontiers,
Death a joy, for their hearts were strong.

What of the songs they might have sung?
Deeds are songs when the world is young!
Dreams, and death for a fleeting look—
Ledwidge and Seeger and Brooke.

IN A HOSPITAL

NEARER the cot she leant
To look at the shattered clod.
"So this," she whispered, "was what he meant
By doing his bit for God."

Slowly she rose and turned.

"His bit and his God," she said.
Her bosom heaved and her two cheeks burned,
But her eyes, her eyes were dead.

CUL-DE-SAC

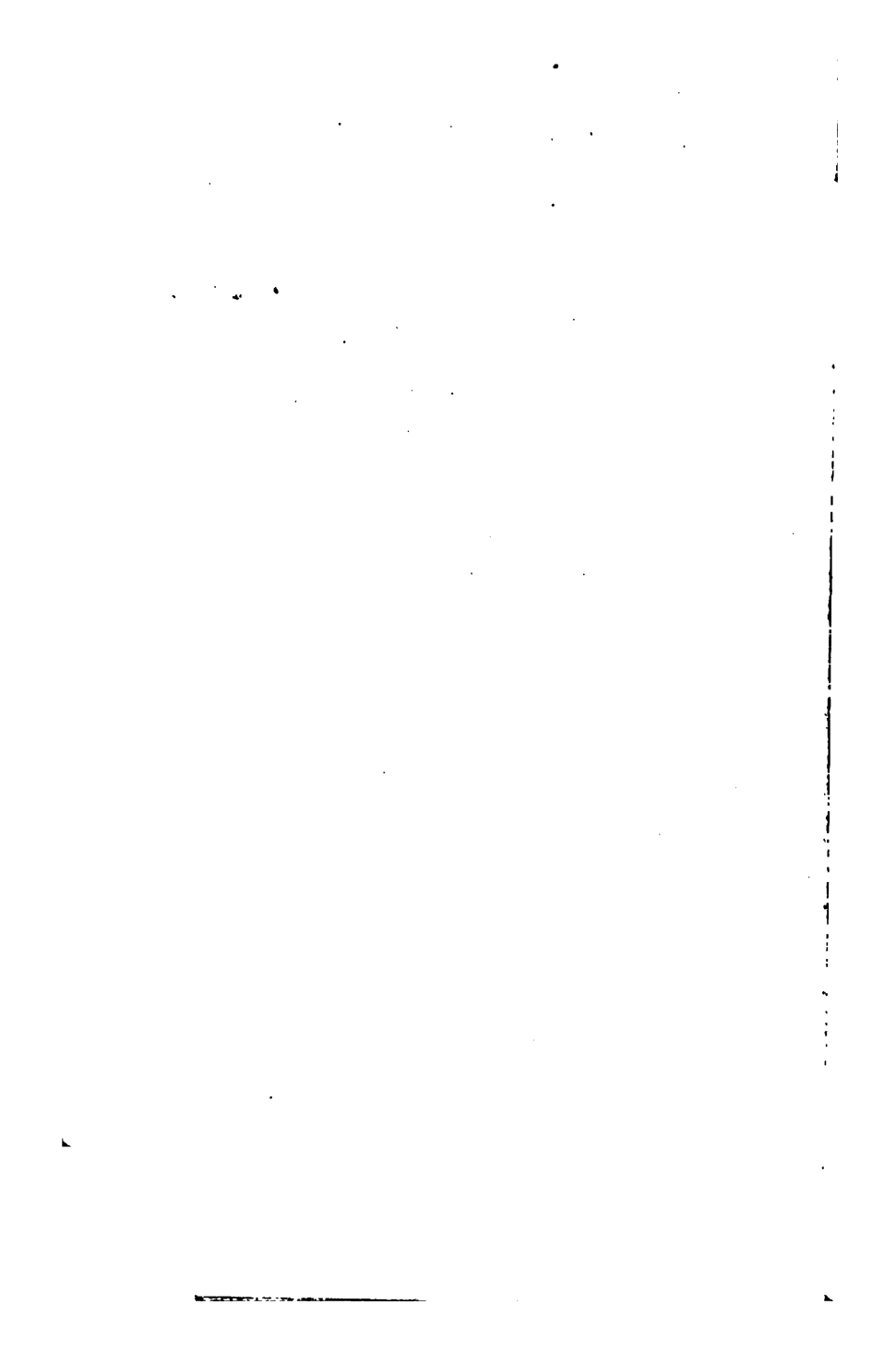
IF all the wonder of a child
And all a mother's love could be
Refined in some vast crucible
And scattered, warm and free,
Through all the hearts in all the worlds
That gleam and hurtle down the blue,
What would the war-gods dare to think—
Or do?

A LITTLE SONG

I KNOW that war is very mad;
I know that life is blind with tears,
Dulling her dreams, so fair and glad,
In other years.
I know that love is growing wan—
And yet a little song sings on.

I know some evil thing is fired
With all of Earth's abysmal pain;
I know that God, distraught and tired,
Would sleep again.
I know these things but, night and dawn,
A little song throbs on and on.







**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

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